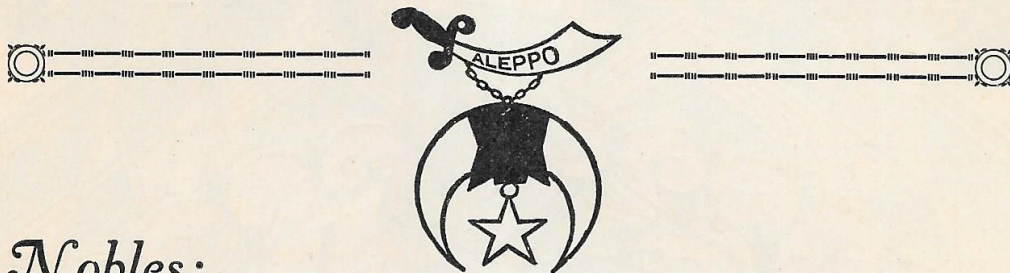


ALPOPO



Aleppo Temple

ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE



Nobles:

THE vacation season is past, the tang of autumn is in the air. The camels have been driven in from the pastures and are in fine condition for the season's work. The keepers report an increase in the herd. Allah has been good, and in recognition of that goodness, I declare the twenty-sixth day of the third month Rabi' ul Awwal, of the year 1341, Mohammedan calendar, and that means

Thursday, Nov. 16, 1922

at 6.30 in the afternoon, at
our regular meeting place,

Mechanics Building, Huntington Ave., Boston

to be the day to hold a REGULAR CEREMONIAL and receive the petitions of the unregenerate for admission to our goodly Temple. Therefore it behooves us to find those who are in the darkness of ignorance — and show them the light of knowledge.

Attest: Aleppo for yours,

Yours for Aleppo,

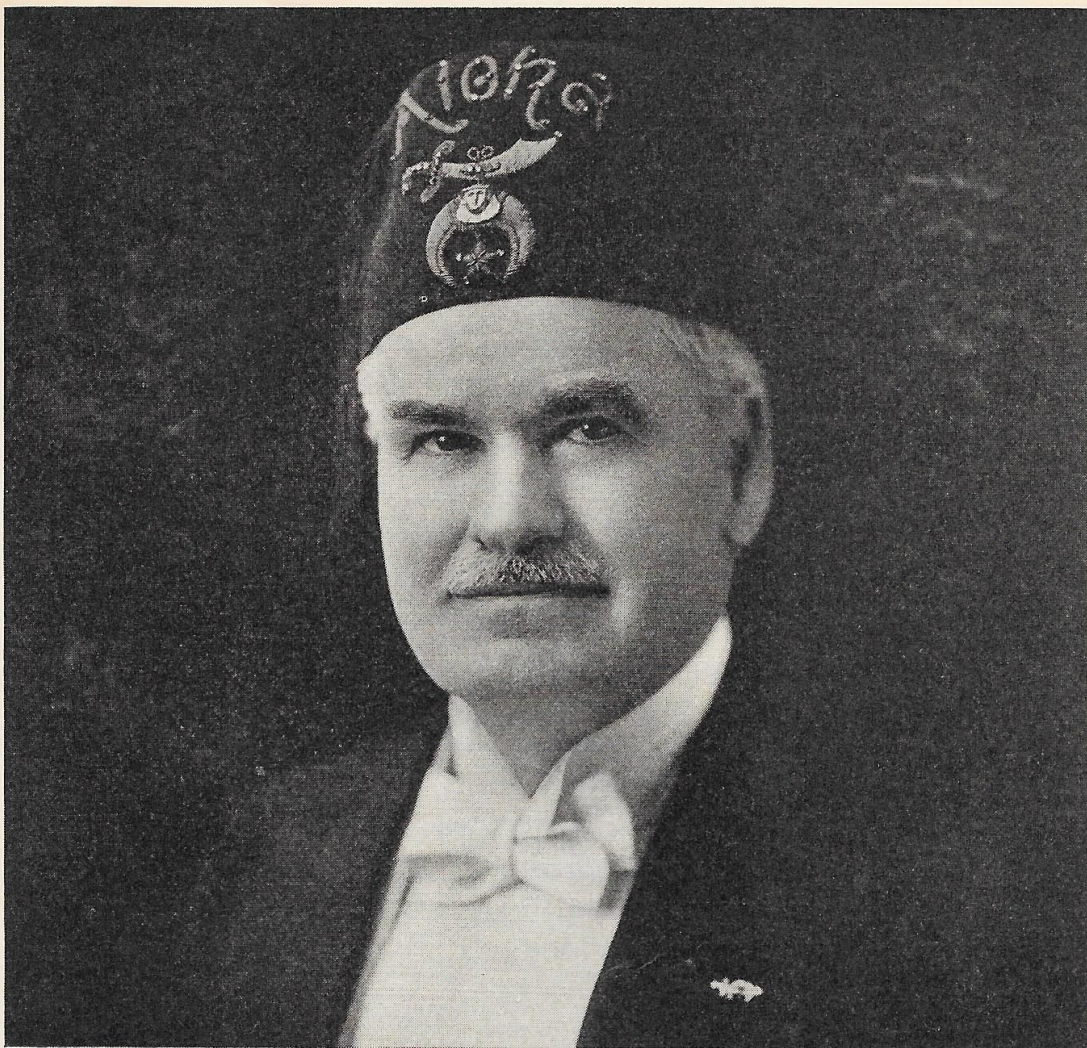
Edgar Powell
Recorder

Walter W. Morrison
Potentate

CONCERT FROM 5.30 TO 6.30 P.M. BY ALEPPO TEMPLE BAND

Bandmaster, Noble THOMAS M. CARTER

1. MARCH — "The Grand Commander"
Dedicated to JAMES STONE BLAKE, High Priest and Prophet
2. OVERTURE — "Les Diamans de la Couronne" D. F. E. Auber
3. VALSE — "La Rose de Peronne" Narcisse Bousquet
4. SELECTION — "Sally" Jerome Kern
5. HONOLULU SHRINE PATROL SONG — "Sunny Jim" John A. Noble
Dedicated to JAMES S. McCANDLESS, Imperial Potentate
6. ARABIAN DANCE Maurice Arnold
7. POLKA — "Schnell — Bahn Frei" Johann Strauss



Imperial Potentate JAMES S. McCANDLESS

known in Shrinedom as "Sunny Jim," from Aloha Temple, Honolulu, will make us an official visit. He comes from the land of perpetual summer and we must make our welcome a warm one.

He will probably have with him Conrad V. Dykeman, Brooklyn, Deputy Imperial Potentate; also the original Rhode Island Red, Clarence M. Dunbar, Providence, and possibly Esten Fletcher, of Rochester.

Charles Albert Brown, friend and companion of "Sunny's" youth, will be here, — a red-blooded bunch. Govern yourselves accordingly.

Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children

THIS is the second year for the assessment of two dollars upon each of the Nobles in North America. Have you ever parted with two dollars that did so much good? How frequently have you asked yourself the question, "Why this assessment?" This amount, it is true, will buy a certain amount of pleasure, and other things, but how much more pleasure when you realize that you have assisted in straightening the limbs of one or more boys or girls. Can there be anything more humane, more noble? How eager we should be for the time to pay this assessment. Picture a deformed child in our own homes.

Could there be anything more appealing — more deserving? The Imperial Council has made it possible to relieve and permanently restore to perfect childhood all these cases of deformity, such as infantile paralysis, spastic paralysis, congenital clubfeet, dislocated hips, bowlegs, knock-knees, etc. A large number of these cases pronounced incurable have been treated and restored to permanent health.

Ninety-five per cent of these unfortunates are of poor though deserving parents unable to pay for these treatments. Therefore it is up to the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine who conceived this grand and noble undertaking, now a realization, bringing joy and happiness to many loving mothers and fathers by permanently curing boys and girls, thus fitting them for their future importance in life.



KEEP THE WRINKLES OUT OF YOUR MIND AND THEY
WILL NEVER APPEAR IN YOUR FACE

BOSTON, MASS.

Jan 1

1922

No. 200

HUMANITY TRUST COMPANY

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

B W Rowell Recorders \$ 2.00

Two

and

no

XX

DOLLARS

John Doe

FOR 1922 ALEPPO MEMBERS CONTRIBUTED \$27,508
to the SHRINERS' HOSPITALS for CRIPPLED CHILDREN

REPORT ON PROGRESS

THE corner stone for the San Francisco hospital was laid on Monday, June 12th, at which time the hospital was well under way. The work is being pushed to completion as rapidly as is consistent with good results. Noble John D. McGilvray, a member of the Board, is personally supervising the construction of this building.

Mr. Jas. H. Rowland, of Shreveport, Potentate of El Karubah, advises they are making very good progress with their hospital and hope to have same completed and ready to receive patients by the first of the year. In the mean time, they have fitted, or rather are fitting up their nurses' home as a temporary hospital to take care of ten to twenty children, and hope to begin work in these temporary quarters between the 1st and 15th of September.

While the corner stone for the Twin Cities hospital has not yet been laid, they are making splendid progress with this building, and Noble Chas. E. Ovenshire, Past Imperial Potentate, and Noble J. Harry Lewis, members of the local building committee, advise that they expect to have their opening on Thanksgiving Day, which would be quite appropriate. The Board of Trustees will have a meeting in the Twin Cities sometime in September, at which time the corner stone will be laid.

The Portland building committee say their plans have been completed and are ready to submit to members of the Board of Trustees for approval. As soon as approved, plans and specifications will be furnished contractors for bids and the work will go forward as rapidly as possible.

At the meeting in San Francisco, the Board of Trustees confirmed and ratified the selection of the Pennsylvania Potentates to locate the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia.

"I WISH ———" By Clayton Crawford

I wish that I could run and play
With the other kids all day;
I get so tired lying here
With legs so gosh darn weak and queer!

Mother says if I could go
To hospital, they'd fix me so
I'd be as good as any one
And Gee! how I would leap and run!

I'd not mind if it pained a lot;
I'd show what spunk and grit I've got;
But we're too poor to pay, and oh,
How mother cries; it grieves her so!

There is a place where kids, they say,
Can go and do not have to pay.
But mother says it's far too small
And they can't take me in at all.

O God, please help them right away
To make it big enough so they
Can take in all the kids like me
That lie in pain and misery.

For if I can't grow big and strong —
If I've to drag my life along
Like this, and weak and crippled lie,
Dear God, I pray that I may die!

The Shriners' Catechism

- 1 What have I ever done to benefit Aleppo Temple?
- 2 What would become of Aleppo Temple if every Noble had done no more than I?
- 3 Have I told any of my friends the aims and objects of the Order and asked them for their petitions?
- 4 Is it fair for some one else to do all the work and for me to bear the proud distinction of my membership in Aleppo without that thrill of a desire to help?
- 5 Have I tried to encourage the boys in uniform and my officers during the ceremonial by occupying one of the available seats?
- 6 Have I indicated by my presence that I appreciate their work?
- 7 Are my standards of morality and conduct such that Masonry and the Mystic Shrine would be raised to a higher place if all members lived as clean a life as I do?
- 8 Would the hungry be fed, the naked be clothed, and the distressed relieved to a greater extent if all Masons and Shriners were like me?
- 9 If I were ill, would I be pleased to receive the same consideration I have given to the sick and destitute?
- 10 Would the Acacia be borne at the grave of a deceased brother if all Masons and Shriners were like me?
- 11 Have I a right to expect more than I am willing to give?
- 12 What sort of an organization would Masonry or the Mystic Shrine be if all members were like me?
- 13 Would I care to be a member of the Masonic Order or Aleppo Temple if all members were like me?
- 14 May I in the solitude of my own conscience ask myself?



HE'S MY FRIEND

I know he's ten kinds of a liar, I know he's five kinds of a fool;
I know he's a wild sort of devil, without any reason or rule;
I know there are clouds up above him, of debts and of woes that impend;
I may not condone, but I love him; I love him — because he's my friend.
I know he has faults by the million, but his faults are a portion of him;
I know that his record's vermillion, and he's far from a sweet seraphim;
But he's always been square with yours truly, ever willing to give or to lend;
He may be wild and unruly, but I love him — because he's my friend.
I knock him, I know it, but I do it the same to his face as away;
And if other folks knock him, they rue it, and wish they'd had nothing to say;
I never draw diagrams of him, nor maps of his soul have I penned;
I don't analyze, I just love him. I love him — because he's my friend.

BE GLAD

Be Glad that you're living and make life a pleasure.
Be Glad you've enough, for enough is good measure.
Be Glad of the sunshine, be glad of the rain.
Be Glad of the joys often hidden in pain.
Be Glad of the forests, be glad of the fields.
Be Glad for the products that each of them yields.
Be Glad of the riches the future is holding.
Be Glad that you're clay and can do your own moulding.
Be Glad Opportunity within your grasp lies.
Be Glad of Success that will come if one tries.
Be Glad that all nature is striving for man.
Be Glad of the power disclosed in "I can."
Be Glad of the brook with its babbling voice.
Be Glad of the birds that sing and rejoice.
Be Glad there's a place for each one to fill.
Be Glad you can conquer if you say, "I will."
Be Glad and keep smiling and prove your own worth.
Be Glad and you're helping each brother on earth.
Be Glad you're a Mason, an honor sublime.
Be Glad you belong to the big MYSTIC SHRINE.

THE CROAKER

Once on the edge of a pleasant pool
Under the bank where 'twas dark and cool
Over the water where the bushes hung
And rushes nodded and grasses swung,
Jest where the crick flowed out'er the bog,
There lived a grumpy and mean old frog—
Who'd set all day in the mud and soak
And jest do nothing but croak and croak

Till a blackbird hollered, "I say, you know,
What's the matter down there below,
Are you in trouble or pain or what?"
The frog said, "Mine is an awful lot
With nothin' but mud and dirt and slime
For me to look at all of the time.
It's a dirty world," so the old frog spoke,
And there he'd sit and croak and croak.

"You're looking down," the blackbird said,
"Look at the flowers overhead.
Look at the bees and butterflies.
Look at the beautiful skies,
Look up, old fellow. Why, bless your soul,
You're looking down in a mus'rat hole."
And then with a gurgling sob and choke
The blamed old critter would only croak.

A wise old turtle who lived quite near,
Said to the blackbird, "Friend, see here,
Don't shed no tears on him for he
Is low down 'cause he likes to be.
He's one of them guys that's awful glad
To be so miserable-like and sad;
I'm telling you something that ain't no
joke,
Don't waste your time on folks that croak."

SOME PREDICAMENT!

One Sunday two lovers went to church. When the collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets, and finding nothing, whispered to his sweetheart:

"I haven't a cent. I changed my pants." Meanwhile the girl had been searching her bag, and finding nothing, blushed rosy red and said:

"I'm in the same predicament."

SAD, BUT TRUE

Mary doesn't rouge her lips,
Neither does she paint;
Is she a hit among the men?
You know damn well she ain't.

Geo. Kline to his Porter: "What you call it when a girl git married t'ree times — bigotry?"

Porter: "Lawsy, boy, you certainly is ignoramus. Why, when a gal gits married two times, dat am bigotry, but when she marries de third time, dat am trigonometry."

I love to gaze at little lambs,
A-frisking on the heather;
But it's not lambs, it's calves I see,
In March's windy weather.

LOTS OF FOLKS ARE LIKE HER

Bishop Hoss, of Nashville, Tenn., tells this story concerning the most popular use made of the Bible. He says, "The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eve.

"So you attend Sunday school regularly?" the minister said to little Eve.

"Oh, yes, sir," said she.

"And you know your Bible?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Could you, perhaps, tell me something that is in it?"

"I could tell you everything that's in it."

"Indeed!" And the minister smiled. "Do tell me, then."

"Sister's beau's photo is in it," said little Eve promptly, "and ma's recipe for vanishing cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it."

Recorder's Page

Things to remember on the Day of the Meeting:
Your 1922 Card. Nothing else goes.

Your Fez.

Do not fail to give a glad hand to all visiting Nobles.

About the only other thing for the Recorder to say is the timeworn yet important subject of dues.

It is more important than ever for your dues to be paid promptly, as fodder has to be provided for the camels, elephants, etc., and without your dues the animals must go hungry.

Our assessment for the Shriners' Hospitals for the Crippled Children, for the year 1922, we have paid for every member of the Temple. This matter was too important to have it said that there were any members of Aleppo Temple who had not paid. So, to keep up our reputation for good works we paid for you.

You will feel the better by having your card. I know you want to attend this ceremonial. Therefore, you must have the blue and white card, — price \$7.00.

When you get your card, write your name on the margin in the space provided. If you should lose it, it will be more difficult for the finder to make improper use of it.

IMPOSTERS! Warning!

There are many impostors working, and all Nobles should investigate fully before allowing these fellows to impose upon them. If a stranger applies to you for assistance and claims to be a Shriner, do not take his word for it, but write or telegraph to the Recorder of the Temple to which he claims to belong and get his answer before giving away your good money.

You are warned against the following, who are working the Nobility: Frank W. Gunn, claiming to be a member of Ainad Temple; M. D. Le-main, claiming to be a member of Ainad Temple; Frank J. Hamilton, claiming to be a member of Bedouin Temple; G. A. Williamson, claiming to be a member of Damascus Temple; Adelbert B. Hall and J. W. Fry, claiming to be members of Kosair Temple.

When learning of the death of a Noble, you should inform the Recorder at once, giving the date and other details known.

If you know of a Shriner who is ill, notify the Recorder, especially if he is a member of a sister Temple, that proper courtesies and attention may be given. It might happen to you sometime.

Remember to bring your fez and card, as we have none to loan, and if you fail to do so the Outer Guard will surely give you the hook.

Important. To those who have not paid their dues for 1921 and 1922:

The By-laws of the Imperial Council now provide that no Shrine can carry on its books a Noble owing two years' dues.

Some Nobles pay their dues when due,
Others — when over due;
Some — never do.
How do you do, Noble,
How do you do?

Yours in the Faith,

Edm. Powell
Recorder.